But O poore *Gloſter* loſt he his other eye. (anſwer,
Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a ſpeedy
Tis from your ſiſter. *Gon.* One way I like this well,
But being widow and my *Gloſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hateſull life, another way the newes is not ſo tooke,
Ile reade and anſwer. *Exit.*
Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did take his eyes.
Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.
Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe.
Gent. I my good Lord twas he informd againſt him,
And quit the houſe on purpoſe that there puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe. (King,
Alb. *Gloſter* I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou ſhewedſt the
And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. *Exit.*

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe, know you no reaſon.
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome, So much feare and danger that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſarie.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.
Gent. The Marſhall of *France* Monſier *la Far.* (of griefe.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonſtratiõ
Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemed ſhe was a queene ouer her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.
Kent. O then it moued her.
Gent. Not to a rage, patience and ſorow ſtreme,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt you haue ſeene,
Sun ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way thoſe happie ſmilets,
That playd on her ripe lip ſeeme not to know,
What gueſts were in her eyes which parted thence,

As pearles from diamonds dropt in brieſe,
Sorow would be a raritie moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.
Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion.
Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Ladies ſiſters:
Kent, father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night,
Let pitie not be beleeft there ſhe ſhooke,
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moyſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.
Kent. It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
Elſe one ſelfe mate and make could not beget,
Such different iſſues, you ſpoke not with her ſince.
Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd.
Gent. No, ſince.
Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtreſſed *Lear* ~~s~~ith towne,
Who ſome time in his better tune remembers,
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to ſee his
Gent. Why good ſir? (daughter.
Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhame ſo elbows him his own vnkindnes
That ſtript her from his benediction turnd her,
To forraine caſualties gaue her deare rights,
To his dog-harted daughters, theſe things ſting his mind,
So venomouſly that burning ſhame detaines him from *Cordelia*.
Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.
Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not.
Gent. Tis ſo they are a foote.
Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you to our maiſter *Lear*,
And leaue you to attend him ſome deere cauſe,
Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,
When I am knowne aright you ſhall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.
Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others. *Exit.*
Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent ſea ſinging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weedes,